

First Kiss

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Summary:

Richie and Eddie's first date- and kiss

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Author's Note:

They're like 15 in this

Based off of [this](#) post on tumblr

Eddie shouldn't be surprised.

As long as they've known each other, Richie's been chaotic. His curls are always unruly. Holes pattern his mud-stained sneakers beneath ripped up old jeans. His elbows and hands and knees are often graced with band-aids for the scrapes he gets falling off his bike or tripping when he's running. Every other word out of his mouth would make a sailor blush. Richie's loud and messy and the definition of chaos-

And he loves Pop Rocks.

They're loud, obnoxious, and yet somehow pretty cool, just like Richie. He lives for the noise and the way they feel exploding on his tongue. To date, there hasn't been a flavor he dislikes, although the red ones and the green ones are his favorite- he claims they pop louder and longer. So he likes to eat them as often as he possibly can, with as many in his mouth at once as possible, and everyone knows it.

Really, Eddie has no right to be surprised that on their first date, Richie shows up with Pop Rocks in his mouth, the sound clearly audible, even through his closed lips.

"Do you have to do that?" Eddie asks, wrinkling his nose.

Richie shrugs and grabs Eddie's hand, pulling him into the diner they picked for tonight. Neither one of them have the money for a good and proper meal, so they're just going to share a milkshake. Well, Eddie's going to drink the milkshake while Richie tells bad jokes and steals the occasional sip.

They go inside, sliding into a cozy booth in the corner of the restaurant. Beneath the table, Richie's leg bounces anxiously. It

makes his entire body appear to vibrate, almost. They're both kind of awkward at first. Of course they've hung out on their own before, but it's never been in a light anything other than platonic. Just when things seem like they might get too unbearable, Eddie starts talking.

"I swear to god if you're going to eat those the entire time we're here I will rip off your arm and feed it to you."

Richie laughs, maybe a little too loudly, but it's genuine and eases the tension at the table. Like a switch has been flipped, they laugh and joke around like they always do, except this time it's over the chocolate milkshake Eddie orders and outside, the sun has long since set. Throughout the evening, Richie manages to keep the Pop Rocks to a minimum and the jittering of his leg under the table isn't as frantic as it initially was.

Long after the milkshake is finished, they stay there, telling jokes and giggling until they're kicked out when the diner closes at midnight. They should part ways, but instead Richie walks Eddie back home, refusing to let him go by himself in the dark this late at night. On the way, they're quiet and contemplative. The only sound are their footfalls, and eventually, the soft sound of Richie's Pop Rocks. Eddie can't find it in himself to complain about it.

Eventually, they to Eddie's, where they stand quietly on the front porch. Mrs. Kaspbrak is already asleep, so she won't open the door to chase Richie away and tell Eddie to go shower and get some rest. Richie wants to kiss Eddie, but he's not sure it'll go over well and he still has candy in his mouth and he's just too afraid to make Eddie uncomfortable. Eddie, on the other hand, has no such qualms.

He grabs the front of Richie's shirt and pulls him down so that they're at eye level. If this were one of those Rom-Coms, he'd probably say something like, "Kiss me Tozier," or call Richie beautiful, but this is real life. Eddie presses his lips against Richie's for an unpracticed, clumsy kiss.

When he pulls away, he lets go of Richie's shirt too. He waits for Richie to say something, do something, give any indication that he didn't just turn to stone. Eddie doesn't think before saying, "'S'matter, trashmouth? Never been kissed before?"

“I was just thinking that your mom’s better.”

Eddie smacks his arm.

“Way to ruin the mood.”

They laugh, but it fades far too quickly into the same silence they had on the way to Eddie’s. Richie scuffs his feet on the floor, trying to decide what to say next. He can’t think of anything, but he’s definitely not ready to go home yet. His hand reaches into his pocket, fishing out the half-empty bag of Pop Rocks he was working on on the way back and dumping the remainder into his mouth. Eddie, by some miracle, doesn’t notice because he’s busy looking through the window into his living room, double checking that his mom isn’t awake to get upset at him for being out so late.

Richie kisses Eddie again, a little smoother than when Eddie initiated it. This time, it lasts longer, but Eddie still grabs Richie’s shirt in his fists and holds tightly. The more they get into it, the more heated the kiss gets, the more Richie feels bad for what he’s about to do. Eddie parts his lips first, so Richie follows suit and lets a couple of the Pop Rocks spill into Eddie’s mouth.

With a pop, they begin exploding and Eddie jumps back. He frantically spits them out, eyes comically wide when he looks back at Richie. “That was absolutely disgusting and the worst and why do you like those and why would you do that Richie that was so fucking gross!”

As he works his way through what’s left in his mouth, Richie shakes with silent laughter. The entire time, Eddie glares at him. The moment he swallows it all, he laughs loudly.

“Oh my fucking god, Eds- your face- I’m-”

“Shut up, Richie.”

Author's Note:

Catch me on tumblr @nb-richie